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## NEWS FROM WORTHING.

IN A LETTER FROM A BEAST OF BURDEN TO HER BROTHER JACK,

By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

(From the Monthly Mirror for April, 1807.)

BROTHER Jack I am going to inform you  
Of things that ne'er enter'd your head,  
And I hope the narration will charm you  
Wherever you're driven or led;

For it grieves me to think of your hampers,  
And the cudgel that thumps you behind;  
You have none of my frolics and scampers,  
My labour's as light as the wind.

On a fine level form'd by the tide,  
The beach and the ocean between,  
Fashion here tells young lasses to ride  
On the best walk that ever was seen,

The sands, brother Jack, that's the spot  
Where the ladies exhibit their graces;  
There they push me along till I trot,  
'Midst a circle of giggling faces.

Not one of the party stands idle,  
For, when I move just like a snail,  
One half of them pull at my bridle,  
And t'other half push at my tail.

Then up, full of frolic and glee,  
One will mount, and will scold, and will strike,  
And ride me knee-deep in the sea,  
Where I stop—just as long as I like.

For what are their tricks and manœuvres?  
They may pull me, and haul me, and teize,  
But I plague them as they plague their lovers,  
O, I like to do just as I please!

Don't be envious—Hark what I tell—  
You would never do here for a prude,  
Because Jack, you know very well,  
You were always inclin'd to be rude;

And if you should set up your braying,  
And give them but two or three staves,  
You would stop all the children from playing,  
Or frighten them into the waves!

Sometimes a sick lady will ride me,  
More tender and delicate still,  
And employ a poor boy just to guide me,  
Where I cannot go wrong if I will;

Then back through the town gently creeping,  
We stop at some library-door,  
Where, nonsense preferring to sleeping,  
She loads me with novels a score.

And, dear Jack, by the bye, I've long guest,  
Tho' good ladies I've no wish to spite 'em;  
That 'tis we bring these books in request,  
And that some of our family write 'em.

But who'd go to boast about that?  
No, I'll finish by telling you true,  
That at Worthing we all might grow fat,  
And keep the best company too.

So love to you Jack till next season,  
I'll be happy as long as I can;  
For an ass that complains without reason,  
Becomes—just as bad as a man!

Published 25th May, 1807.  
By LAURIE AND WHITTLE,  
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