

# Epitaph Extraordinary.

HERE LIES,  
As he often has done *before*,  
Particularly when speaking of his  
PATRIOTISM, HONESTY, INDEPENDENCE, & DISINTERESTEDNESS,  
The HULK of

## SIR WILLIAM CURTIS

ALDERMAN, BARONET, BANKER, BISCUIT BAKER, CONTRACTOR,  
COMMODORE, COMMITTEE-MAN, GREEN-BAG MAJORITY, and  
*Mis-Representative* of the *City of London*

For nearly Thirty years, in Six successive Parliaments  
His *Body* fell a Victim to the *Corruption* of his *Minu*,  
June the 23d, 1818;

Being seiz'd with a violent Paroxysm on the Hustings at Guildhall,  
Which forc'd him to retreat down the Back Stairs,  
From whence a Hackney Coach conveyed him  
Privately to Lombard Street;

Where he resigned his *Political*, or rather *Politic* life,  
Within the hearing of the acclamations  
Of thousands of his admiring Countrymen,  
Who hailed his end

As the end of Civic Connivance;  
His last gasp promoting their happiness,  
And elevating their hopes.

Constant as the *Turtle* (which he dearly loved) is to its *Mate*,  
Was he in his attachment to the  
MINISTER of the DAY,  
Whether Whig or Tory;

Thus evincing, in an age of Party,  
His *even-handed* Impartiality.

His *Liberality* was such, he was an enemy to all *Retrenchment*,  
And *Princely* in his *Grants*.

[A truly *Loyal Soul*, he invariably discountenanced those  
Unblessed by the *Sun* of *Courtly* Favour.

Gifted with a *Natural* Genius, and *Extraordinary* *Erudition*,  
His *Sentiments* and *Speeches*

Will long afford AMUSEMENT to the MULTITUDE;  
His *PACIFIC* nature will ever be evident  
By his Memorable Wish of

“A SPEEDY PEACE AND SOON;”

While his *Humour* and *Learning* are indelibly on record,  
By his ingenious, alliterative Toast of “The Three C's;”

“Cox, King, and Curtis.”

The *Fundamental Features* of his Political Constitution  
Were PROMINENCE and SOLIDITY.

His *Wisdom*

Was a PONDEROUS BODY.

His *Modesty*

Continually displayed itself in  
A BLUSHING PROBOSCIS!!!

Which incessantly *crimsoning*  
At the GUTTLEINGS of his Fellow-Citizens,  
Acquired a *fixed hue*, and remained  
As firm and unyielding as the *Standing Army*  
Of the Cabinet he supported.

It is equally remarkable that, invariably *blushing* here,  
His strength of front was such,

That he never blushed any where else,

Till he *changed colour*, at the approach of the *falling off*  
To which he fell a victim,

And which attacked him in the head—of the *Poll*.

As if prescient of future events,

A short time before the Suspension of his own *Corpus*  
From its popular duties,

He voted for the *Suspension* of the *Habeas Corpus* of his Country.

Being fired with the Naval Glories of a Nelson and a Cochrane,

He, who had always been in PORT,

Resolved to sail for CURACOA,

The favourite retreat of his Prince;

From this he was restrained by

The notorious EXPEDITION to WALCHEREN,

Under the command of the *little* Earl of Chatham

Whom he accompanied in HIS YACHT, a worthy Compeer!

Here, conscious of the firmness of his

Well stored cabin,

He *escaped* the Perils of the Sword, the Pestilence, and the Ocean,

Daily slaughtering, to satiate his appetite,

The *foreign amphibious host*,

That would have opposed his wishes,

Despite their *shells*, and the *armour* in which they were *encased*,

Gratifying his thirst for their blood,

And preserved from the famine to which others fell a prey,

By the *ample stores* of his *own Biscuits*,

Which his Prudence had shipp'd on board his Vessel,

And which for this once did not *turn mouldy*.

He regained the Shore, of his admiring Country,

And casting the Anchor of his Homage into the Depths of her Treasury,

He enjoyed OTIUM *sine* DIGNITATE,

Till he Politically died,

Lined with *green fat*, deposited in a *shell*,

And embalmed in *Calipash* and *Calipee*,

Expecting a GLORIOUS RESURRECTION, and speedy ASCENSION to

THE UPPER HOUSE.

THIS EPITAPH,

Written by one who wished him to make a *splash*

In the *Waters of Oblivion*,

Before he *finally* sunk into them,

Is gratefully inscribed to his Memory.

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