

THE *Agony Bill.*

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Dear me what a change has seen our nation,
 Since we've reformed our legislation,
 Each M.P. as is now the fashion,
 Brings a new bill every session.
 Because one did in the way of peace act,
 By getting round the New Police Act ;
 Another wants a grand reversion,
 To bring you a Sabbath bill coercion.
 At this you'll laugh, for it's meant to gag you,
 This is the bill of Saint Andrew Agnew.

This worthy pious emasculator,
 Who talks of setting your morals straighter,
 Vows by the gods your pleasure to be balking,
 He'll put a stop to Sunday walking,
 When parsons are preaching, then will be search
 time,

To collar them that's walking in church time,
 The tenants of houses and those of floors then,
 Mustn't dare venture out of doors then.

All those who brew their home beer then,
 At times I'm sure will quake with fear then,
 And dread to let it in the vat lay,
 Lest it should happen to work on that day,
 Then if you're seized with cough or phthisic,
 You must not even swallow physic,
 For 'tis decreed all rest that one day,
 So not even salts must work on a Sunday.

Dumb animals they'll be strangely puzzled,
 When Sunday comes each dog must be muzzled,
 The cocks must on their roost abide up,
 And to stop their crowing their beaks must be
 tied up ;

A noise with contempt will the act be treating,
 The calves and the sheep must be kept from
 bleating,
 The dairies must close from twelve to twelve,
 sirs,
 And as to the cows they must milk themselves,
 sirs.

No duck must lay, no cat must kitten,
 The hen must leave her nest though sitting,
 Though painful is the separation,
 She must quit the scene of incubation ;
 Married men will to quake be inclined then,
 For fear their wives should be confined then,
 For as no labour is allowed on Sunday,
 Of course they must put it off till the Monday.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

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The Female Auctioneer.



Well, here I am and what of that,
 Methinks I hear you cry,
 Why I am come, and that is pat,
 To see if you will buy ?
 A Female Auctioneer I stand,
 Though not to sue for pelf,
 And the lot I have in hand,
 Is for to sell myself.
 And I am going, going, going.
 Who bids for me ?

Ye Bachelors, I look at you,
 And pray don't deem me rude,
 Nor rate me either scold or shrew,
 A coquet or a prude ;
 My hand and heart I offer fair,
 And should you buy the lot,
 I swear I'll make you here my own,
 When Hymen ties the knot.
 And I am going, going, going,
 Who bids for me ?

Though some may deem me pert or so,
 Who deals in idle strife,
 Pray where's the girl, I wish to know,
 Who'd not become a wife :
 At least I own I really would,
 In spite of all alarms,
 Dear Bachelors now be so good,
 Do take me to your arms,
 For I'm going, going, going,
 Who bids for me ?

Dashing White Sergeant.

If I had a beau, for a soldier would go,
 Do you think I'd say no ?
 No, no, not I.
 When his red coat I saw,
 Not a sigh would I draw,
 But I'd give him ecla,
 For his bravery.

If an army of Amazons e'er came a play,
 As a dashing white Sergeant,
 I'd march away.

When my love was gone,
 Do you think I'd take on,
 Sit mopping forlorn ?
 No, no, not I.

His fame may concern,
 How my bosom would burn,
 When I saw him return
 Crown'd with victory.—If an, &c.

