

# CONVERSATION BETWEEN ACHILLES & THE WELLINGTON STATUE

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Past Hyde Park in a fright, an hour past midnight, when all was quiet, and the streets free from riot, and policemen were far between, and few were to be seen; full of lush and grub, I was rolling home from the club, when I heard a great noise in the air.

Piccadilly it came across, passed Apsley House to the Giant Horse, and rumbled like thunder, splitting my head asunder; I'd been drinking October, but the fright made me sober, I heard a sepulchral voice say, you monster over the way, how long are you going to stop up there?

The hoarse voice it came from the Statue of Achilles  
And 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

What! you're grieved a little few, old Nakedness are you, to see a rival rest, above you so smartly dress'd; in a cloak and cocked hat, tight boots and cravat, like a Commander-in-Chief, and minus the fig leaf, you don't seem to like it Mr. Ladies' man, eh!

No! although you are new, I was once as young as you, and to leave me twenty years undress'd, while you're clad in the best, I'm here all shivering, and you've got all the kivering; it redounds to the blame and the undying shame, of the lady friends of him who did *not* save Marshal Ney.

The hoarse voice came from the statue of Achilles,  
And 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

I look down upon it as envy all, you'd be afraid you'd fall, or the arch would break down and crack your bare crown, or the ladies old, might fear you'd take cold, or something would be said in malice, about your nakedness near the palace. Stay where you are, sans culotte, do.

That's a very nice treat, you're riveted to your seat, on a horse togged so grand, while here I may stand, like an old barber's block, a mere laughing stock, to all ranks and grades, squinny children and their gauky maids, brewers and bakers, and candlestick makers, and expose my person to every yokel's view!

The hoarse voice it came from the statue of Achilles  
And 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

I'm above you strong and firm, as a man above a worm, secured by bolt and pin, my inconsiderable pigmy twin; never mind Punch or the News, I'm quite familiar with reviews; I stuck out 'gainst the Reform Bill, and stick here I will, though you or the whole country order me to march.

That's a very bold speech, now you're out of my reach, but I remember you old sinner, Don Key asked you once to dinner, and you were afraid to go, and people were not afraid to say to, you've seen a deal of blood, and know the feel of stones and mud, so your bounce is as hollow as your arch.

The hoarse voice it came from the statue of Achilles  
And 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

Little man of little mind, havn't I now got iron blinds, and bomb-proof rails when danger assails, a cunning devised job, to keep out an unruly mob, with high and ambitious views and remarkable queer shoes; I say, Old Nakedness, I say, come and see my frontage over the way, but I believe you can't get out after ten!

No, you're as near where you are as at Quatre Bras, I hear a great deal what the public think and feel, plain as the nose on your face, we're deemed a national disgrace; they grumble at your highness, and at my want of shyness, and say many unpleasant things of Ligny and Marchienne!

The hoarse voice it came from the statue of Achilles  
And 'twas answered thus by the man on the horse.

Ah! its a few days since the Nive, where Soult found me all alive, and the grand toraloo I made at Bordeaux; wasn't I in a nice mess, when Boney left Elba and left no address, besides 150 other jobs with the chill off I could bring to view.

But then people will say, poor unfortunate Ney, and that you were dancing at a ball, and not near Hogumont at all, and that the job of St. Helena might have been done rather cleaner, and it was a shameful go to send Sir Hudson Lowe, and that you took particular care of No. 1, at Waterloo.

The hoarse voice it came from the statue of Achilles  
And 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

Why flog 'em and 'od 'rot em, who said "Up Guards and at 'em!" and you know that nice treat I received in Downing Street, when hooted by a thousand or near, defended by an old grenadier, so no whopping I got, good luck to his old tin pot, oh! there's a deal of brass in me I'll allow.

Its prophecied you'll break down, they're crying it about town, and many jokes are past, that you're brought to the scaffold at last, and they say I look black, because I've no shirt to my back, and they bid me replace my bit of brass working, that resembled a huge green girkin, its getting broad daylight, I vow!

The hoarse voice it came from the statue of Achilles  
But 'twas answer'd thus by the man on the horse.

H. V. HOOKER.

