

The Oriental Adventures of Long Jack & Stout Dick

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Fred. Galton

Poetry by Lady Strange.



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In six Cantos.
 With as many Illustrations
 Followed by an Apology
 Instead of a Moral.
 The Oriental Adventures
 of
 Long Jack & Stout Dick.
 or
 A Hops-head & a Tiger's tail.
 A new Tale of an Old Tub.
 In irregular rhyme.

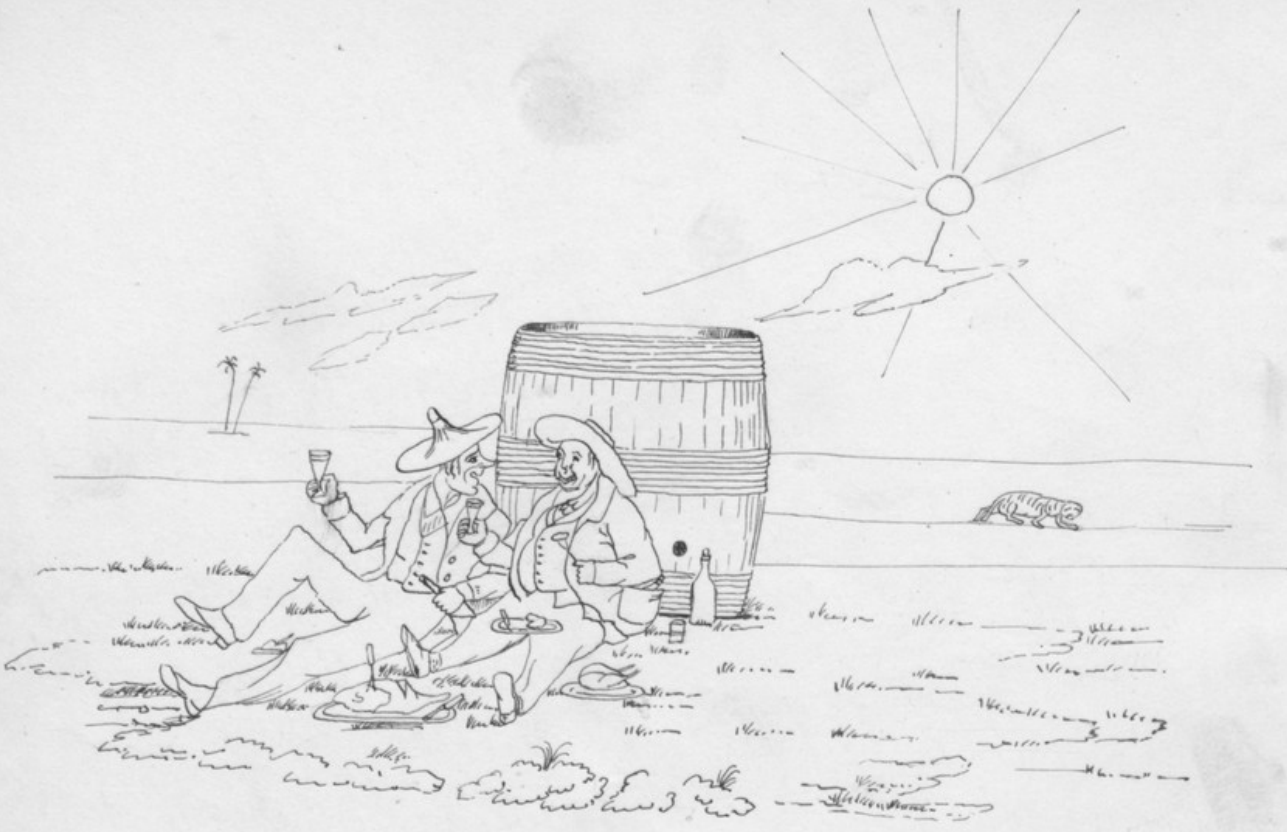
Designs by H. E. Page

Loggalls by A. S.

Conto the first.

The sun it was high & the tide it was low
 when the boatmen set out on their further voyage
 a long lock & short bridge led to the other shore
 the boatmen of the gang were all there
 the big rowing boat was full of men
 each man had a long oar in his hand
 and they were all rowing in a steady way
 the boatmen were all dressed in simple clothes
 their faces were all tanned & their hair was long
 they were all looking towards the other shore
 with a look of hope & of determination
 the boatmen were all rowing in a steady way
 and they were all looking towards the other shore
 with a look of hope & of determination





Canto the First.

The sun it was high, & the tide it was low,
 And the ^{*}Sandies declar'd they no further would go,
 So long Jack & stout Dick, fresh from old England's shore
 The banks of the Ganges resolv'd to explore,

The [†]budgeter leaving safe moor'd for the night,
 Jack a turkey & ham in a handkerchief stow'd
 And a bottle in each of Dick's pockets bestow'd
 Then esconcing them under a wreck'd hogshead's shade,
 Their supper so nice was already half made,
 When a wild beast appeared to their sight!

* Sandies - Boatmen.

† Budgeter - Boat.

Carle the Second

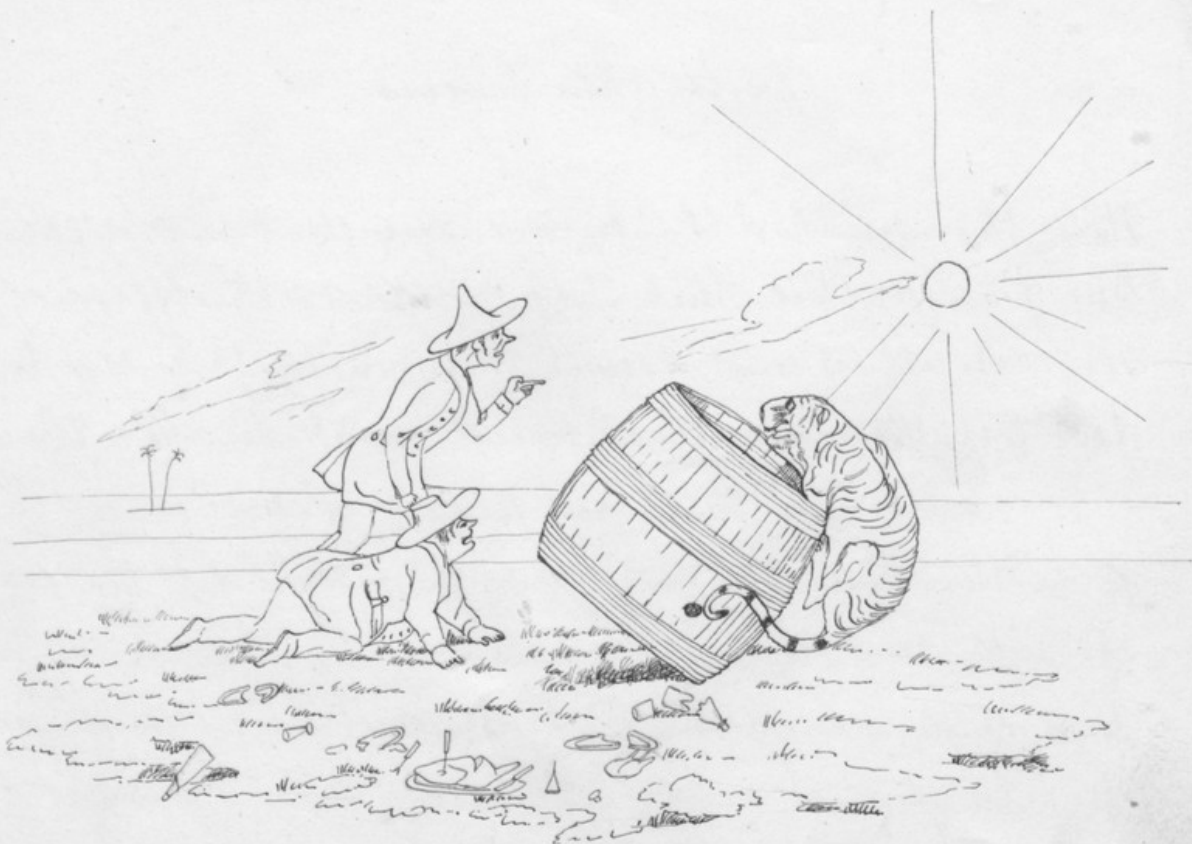
Now the printer the herald say just theologian
 Now philosopher, the night say the theologian
 They just don't see a sign the night they say him
 And felt that by the night say in the
 And then in the night say in the
 So the night say in the night say in the
 And then the night say in the night say in the
 They just don't see a sign the night they say him
 The night say in the night say in the
 And then the night say in the night say in the



Lanto the Second.

Now tho' neither the heroes were great Zoologists,
Nor philosophers, chemists, nor wise theologians,
They pres'd 't was a Tiger the moment they saw him.
And felt that his errand must e'en be to claw them
And tear them in pieces at once; —

So the unfinish'd dainties they dash'd to the ground,
And went dodging & crouching the hogshead around; —
Says Dick, now friend Jack, sure as I am a sinner,
The beast will soon catch us, & make you his dinner,
And on me for his supper he'll pounce.



Canto the Third.

Still they wheel'd & they turned with Sem frowish velocity,
 But the Tiger still met them with glaring ferocity;
 For ever it seem'd round the tub they must dance,
 And perpetual motion must be their sole chance.

So live their adventures to tell; —

When the Tiger resolv'd not to stand shilly-shally,
 Nor with two such tit-bits any longer to dally,
 So a desperate effort his muscles he strung,
 When into, not over, the hog'shead he sprung,
 And upon him it instantly fell.

Part the Fourth

Long Jack on the Deck at a new trap'd in a minute
 Interwird the life the fierce intention within it
 Not to be seen it's after him quickly
 For it seem'd to be both by no means ready
 He struggle and let himself free
 When not long had they had of their painful presence
 With a sudden start they the front of the
 The boat back to the side from the
 He had just for a while
 He said it at home you know





Canto the Fourth.

Long Jack on the butt-end now leap'd in a minute,
 Determin'd to keep the fierce monster within it,
 Stout Dick clambered after him quickly,

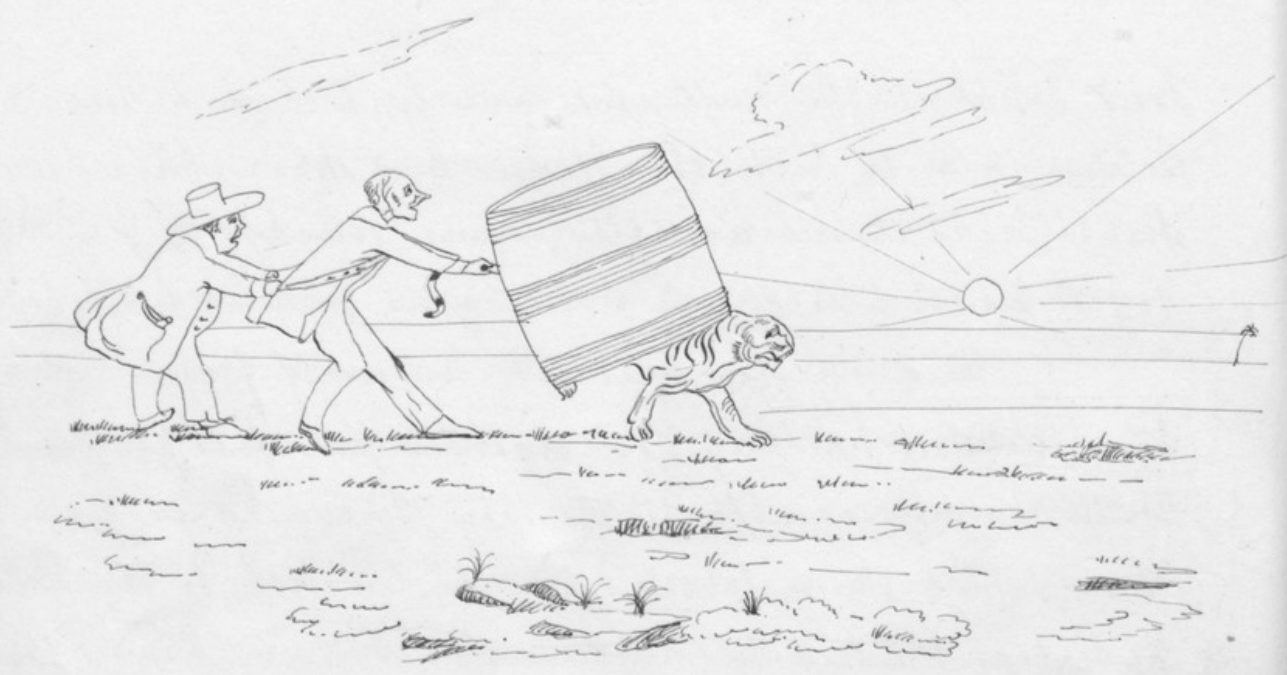
For it seem'd to them both, by no means unlikely,

He'd struggle and set himself free; —

When not long had they stood on their painful pre-eminence,
 Wond'ring how in the world they sh^d ever escape from thence.

When Long Jack exclaim'd, "from the hole of the bung,"
 "He has push'd out his tail" — & as it there hung.

He seiz'd it, as here you may see. —



canto the Fifth.

But to hold it for aye, was a long speculation
 So Jack now came down from his proud elevation,
 And tho' he scarce knew what his change of position
 Might lead to, held on, like a wise politician,

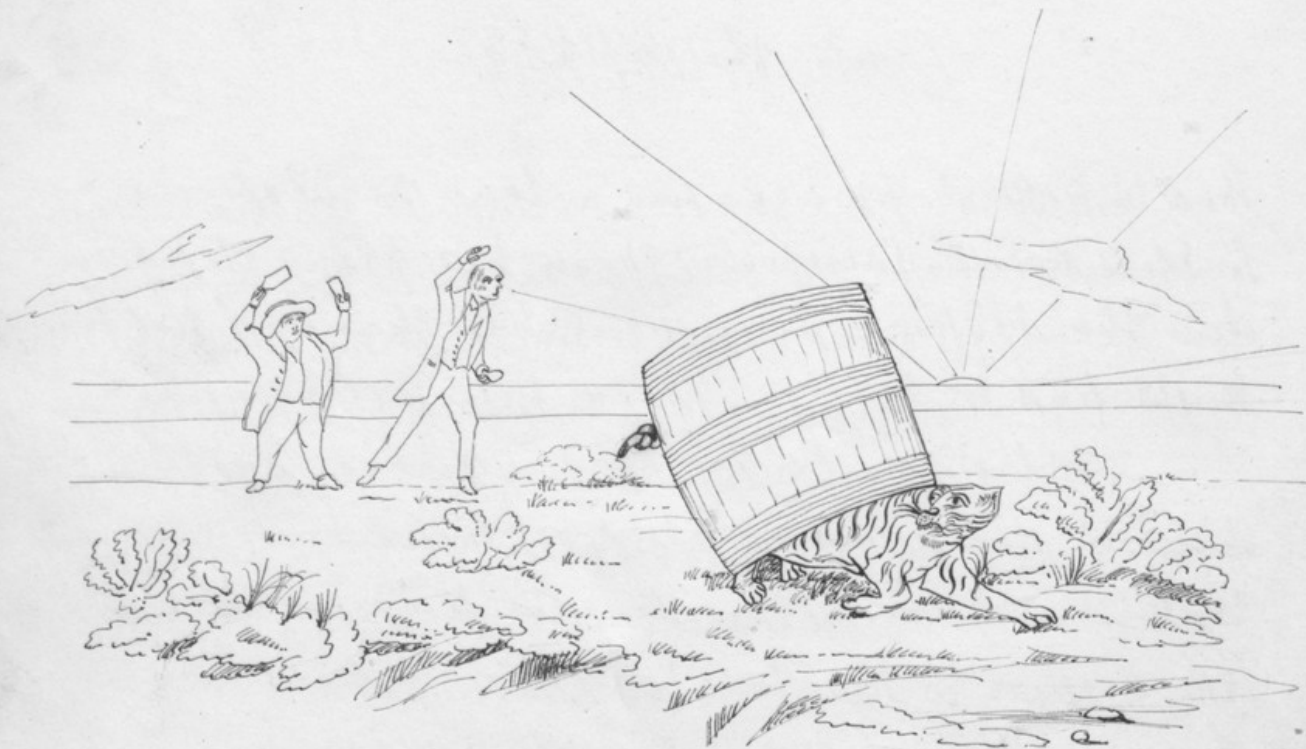
Without yielding the matter in hand:—

Then Dick sliding down, seiz'd on Jack's skirts with ardour,
 While the captive within struggled harder & harder,
 And dragg'd them along here & there quite at random,
 Converting the tub to an inverted sanderm,

 Rattling over the desolate land.

1020

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Lanto the Sixth.

These pedestrian Mazeppas now turn'd in their brains,
So that ere night the tail be adapted: - for plain
As a pikestaff 't was now to be seen, that the Siger wou'd not
Be the first to give in - Says long Jack, in my noddle I've got

A most capital plan - - -

If the Siger will not, by dove also I'll knot,
For I'll tie a hard knot in his tail, then away he shall trot,
Like a mail in his shell! soon said, sooner done,
Hurra! - they are safe! E'er the set of the sun,
They back to the bridgerow ran! - - -

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Apology.

Now I'm told that my tale ends abruptly & queerly
And that critics will handle it very severely,
That it is not unfolded & hangs ill. -- Quite true. --
But my subject is knotty, between me and you,
And the better the less that is said.

I've referri'd to Mowbodo, consulted O'Connell,
In search of some maxim or motto or moral;
But my efforts were vain, & I own to my shame,
And my heroes if candid, woud both say the same
A denouement's the thing we most dread.

f. 16r





The Tiger & the Tale

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