

The captain's bulletin, in reply to scribblers and meddlers : "Rule a wife and have a wife."

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The Captain's Bulletin,

IN REPLY TO

SCRIBBLERS AND MEDLERS.

"Rule a Wife and have a Wife."

"Though so little as a Mouse,
"I'll be Master of my House."

SOME People don't want no Government—they would *cobble* private Families like Kings, Lords and Commons.—Because I hit exact upon the Blister, they cry unfair. At real Waterloo, after noble Wellington made a Breach in the French, did he give time to plaster up again? No.—Wellington, Blucher, Bulow, and all the brave Generals followed the Blow, and so gained the Victory. Some Quacks want to blister England's Constitution, but John Bull knocks off the Plaster, and the Wound heals of itself. Cobler mind thy Awl, and leave Governments, and Military Tick Tacks to old Captains.

The profane Chapter is no Scripture.—Christians must not be Jews, to be beat rather than fight on the Sabbath.—Wellington fought on a Sunday—and I fight—Not like dastard Sisera, run away from one Woman, and get his brains hammer'd out by another. See Judges,—real Scripture.

But not like him so cowardly,
Sit down in doleful dumps,
For if my Legs were smitten off,
I'd fight upon my Stumps.

The Lawyer says that Jackasses go to Waterloo.—Well, I suppose they take up their regular Degrees in passing the Court below, and with very trifling Fees.—When they ascend the Hill, they open their *Pleadings* in a far more *impressive* manner than what I often hear in the Courts above. Better to hear the Sharps of such long-headed Counsellors, than listen to musical *Flats* that come to steal away my wife. No Law, nor Lawyers wanted at Waterloo. If poor People send their Asses to feed, they should have their own again, and no Disputes nor Suits.

In courting a Wife with Money, mind the Advice, "be wise as Serpents," but Women should be "harmless as Doves"—no Strikers; not gadding abroad, but sitting at home, even in the dark, without fear of any Amazement.—Good Housewives—not keeping the House always dirty with cleaning.

As to the Assassin attack about former Wives, let the Doctors say, that had the Care of their Deaths. I always allow a Doctor when necessary—but no Doctors for Fidjets without my Knowledge.

My Laws obey'd, and all shall still be well,
With Captain John, and lovely Isabel:
"As all who mean to lead a happy Life,
"Should learn to rule, and then to have a Wife."

A Wonderful Hobby H O R S E

O This New Machine consists of Two Wheels,
one before the other, connected by a perch, on
which the Pedestrian rest the weight of his body,
while with his feet he urges the Machine forward.
A Military Gentleman has made a bet to go to
London by the side of the Coach.

J Pitts Printer 14 Great St Andrew Street seven
Dials,

WITH Dandies, lost and Dandies found, de-
lighted we have been, (never seen,
Now such a wonder's come to town the like was
The Bond-street Bucks and Dandy Jacks do cut
a funny show. (that's all the go,
On a thing they call a Hobby Horse my boys.

CHORUS.

With my slash away, dash away ride it up & down
The Hobbies how are all the go in country and
town,

This new invented animal needs neither spur
nor whip, (can trip,
And yet in fifteen minutes three miles with ease
But what will most surprise you he eats no corn
or hay, (miles a day,
Nor ever tires though he should trudge a hundred

You'd split your sides with laughter were you
to see the fun. (School does run
How Gentlemen and Ladies to the Riding
And if you wish to ride—balance just I would ad-
vise you. (soon capsize you.
For if you don't, depend upon't, poor Hob will

Says Little Master Fribble, Papa, pray go with
me. (Horse to see
This morning to the Riding School the Hobby
For Hobby's quite the rage you know, and I'm a
dashing spark, (in the Park
And I long to sport my Hobby Horse next Sunday

To other day a funny spectacle was seen in Ox-
ford street, (neat,
A Dandy ass upon a Hobby's back was set so
But Hob against a hackney coach did run as
fierce as fire. (mire
And Dandy Jack upon his back lay sprawling in

So now with your permission I'll conclude my
Hobby song, (you long
I hope 'twill please you well, and I've not detain'd
It to Brewer-street, you go, for one shilling I sup-
pose, (you'll break your nose,
You may get a ride, but mind don't slide, or else

The Perambulator, Or, PEDESTRIAN DANDY HOBBY H O R S E,

A NEW SONG, BY W. J. P.

TUNE.—Gee ho Dobbin.

J, Pitts Printer, 14, Great St Andrew street
seven Dials;

BEGONE all ye horses of bone, flesh, and blood
You cannot come up to our Hobbies of wood
Far super Hobbies, tho' horses say " Neigh."
For they carry the Dandies, and carry the day.

Gee ho Hobby, come up Hobby
Come up Hobby gee up and gee ho.
The Perambulator, our new horse's name,
Is ruining its race for the Sweepstakes of Fame;
In Hyde Park all fashionable men cross its saddle,
But Ladies at present, in public don't straddle,

Gee ho Hobby, &c.
Such horses and riders, sure never were seen,
The horse goes on two wheels, which the rider's
between,

The Hobby is urg'd by the rider's long strides,
Who rides when he walks & walks when he rides
Gee ho Hobby, &c.

May'n't the horse and its rider relationship claim,
The horse has no head, and its rider the same,
For who until now heard of Walking Equestrians
Or who ever read of riding Pedestrians?

Gee ho Hobby,
The high mettled Racers on Newmarket course,
Will find themselves beat by the new Hobby horse
It eats not o' nights, yet possesses the pow'r,
Night and day without rest to run ten miles an hour

Gee ho Hobby,
As cavalry horses they'll run to the fight,
Stand fire like old soldiers, and never take fright,
And if they thro' flames should the vanquis'd pur-
sue,

They'll burn fierce as heroes & much fiercer too.
Gee ho hobby.

Thus Racers and Chargers, your toiling is over,
Henceforth with poor hacks ye shall all live in
clover, (grath,

No more whipp'd and goaded shall horses' teeth
But Asses and hobbies alone have the lash.

Gee ho hobby,
Then beware Hobby Horsemen beware of your
fate.

Dismount from your Hobbies before 'tis too late,
For farriers, horse-doctors, and horses' providers,
Cry " Down wooden horses, and down-walking
riders "

Whoa, whoa Hobby whoa, whoa Hobby
Whoa, whoa hobby, down hobby down