

OUR CRICKET CLUB.

BY ONE OF THEM.

My DOCTOR DEAR, and Mr. Editor,
I beg you'll rest my patient creditor,
And while I'm your acknowledg'd debtor,
Be prompt and civil!
To print this letter, when you've read it o'er,
Command your Devil!

'Tis true, I wear no laurel crown,
My humble muse is all unknown,
And yet, perhaps, I'll stir the Town
Ere I have done,
And make our Crickets up and down,
Run made like fun!

Yet ere I dip my pen to write,
I now—lest I beget but spite—
Announce that what I may indite,
Is but in frolic,
So none on whom a gibe may light
Need take the cholic.

But without jest, I'd feel much grief, ere
Of such I could but bowl as KEEFE, or
Who in right earnest,—to be briefer,
Might prove a whaifer
And ply a rope's end like a reefer
Or main top sailor.

And seeing he's our worthy Father—
Not our progenitor—but rather
The first, not to beget,—but gather
Our Crickets—match 'em
If you can! who ever finds a flaw there
The D——l may catch him.

Our Treasurer, too, comes on heroic,al,
Who, though in mood he's somewhat stoical,
Bowl's bravely! he whom you all know I call
Squire THOMAS LEGGAT,
Who, though his movement's somewhat slow, I call,
Does sometimes peg it.

And then he has such handsome shanks,
And oft he plays some wonderous pranks,
For which we owe him all our thanks,
When with wry faces,
The laughing Crickets quit their ranks
And make grimaces.

Behold our President of Cricket
Now grasps his Bat, and guards his wicket,
Prepar'd with giant strength to lick it,
And sure he'd bat it,
But HERVEY bowls! Oh had old Nick it,
The Ball is at it.

Aye, HARVEY! he's our common VICE
Confound my muse, confound her choice
Of words for rhyme, they're never nice,
For he is VICELESS—
VICE PRESIDENT! a trust of price,
Himself is priceless.

Now hand the Bat to GODFREY BAKER,
Who, while his tooth Bat proves a shaker,
Will never make a *Speechless* Quaker.
The Ball comes dancing;
Illustrious hit! it flies an aere,
And he runs prancing.

Now sweeping like a tempest Boreal,
The Bat is sped by BILLY ORIEL;
Smile! but my simile is so real,

It whisks like thunder,
And I would not, for Whig or Tory all,
Make any blunder.

Now DAWSON calls for six about,
And sure it makes a pretty route,
When pop the Ball comes on his snout,
'Twas sped by NOEL—
And blacken'd eyes attest the clout
That made him so ill.

There's CROSDALE too, a middling Batter,
'Twould set him better were he fatter,
For then he'd be more snug and squatter
Before his wicket,
Not as he's now, like in hot water,
A flea or cricket.

And though he looks more lean and lanker
Than LEGGAT does, our worthy Banker,
With feet spread out, just like an anchor
Set in the gravel,
Yet he can step out like a spanker,
As fast 's the D——l.

Now MATTHEW stands before the rail,
And thrashes at it like a flail;
The Ball comes! lo, he turns his tail,
Alas his r——p,
Which is his most (I will go bail),
Conspicuous bump.

Speaking of bumps—not geological,
But those with brains—it is quite logical
To treat of SCOTT the Phrenological,
Who at it hammers so;
Oh, L——d, get me another 'ogical,
This stanza stammers so.

O'BRIAN, too, his coadjutor,
Who stands as still as he were neuter,
None save his master could stand nuter;
Few make such play for 't;
Deuce take this pon its mode of pewter,
I'll blow up Gray for 't.

Three famous chaps—my muse is painting,
While on their merits she's decanting,
Too oft are miss'd—HAMMOND, gallanting,
WALKER and CLEWOW;
They, too, also! too oft are wanting,
Oh! what a shame, Oh!

The mountain—no, 'tis HILL I mean,
Say where of late 's the Doctor been,
For on the field he 's not been seen,
Dry day or rainy,
Perhaps he 's at the death bed scene
Of some old granny.

Then Doctor pray make haste, despatch her;
For all that you can mend or patch her,
Death soon or late, will surely snatch her;
So come away,
And to the universal catcher,
Give up the day.

Now Crickets all beware and list ye,
Be punctual and I will assist ye;
Defaulters I will take my fist 'ye;
I'll be observant,
And now I am my good old CHRISTIE,
Your humble servant,

CRICKET.

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