

Then William said, "Dress this poor devil's wounds !
 The rowdies raise their many heads once more,
 Queen Mobbe sits famined by her factory fire,
 The land is full of curs, lean Communists,
 Mad atheists, watery spouters, men of lust,
 Twaddle and Treason of one long embrace
 Have borne the squalling bastard Anarchy,
 And I conjure you, O my faithful knights,
 Be firm, stick close, be constant, and strike home ;
 And thou, Sir Foster, mightiest of my knights,
 To-morrow sit enchair'd and judge the jousts,
 Nor mingle with them, for it were not well
 Thou shouldst contend with lesser than thyself."

And when the morning of the Tournament,
 By Whig and Red and Tory named alike
 The Tournament of the Dead Loyalty,
 Brake forth, 'twas windy weather, and the hens
 Ruffled their feathers round them in the cold ;
 And forth the people streamed from street and lane,
 The blind man and the cripple, old and young,
 The penny-a-liner, and the wights who draw
 Cuts for the papers they call illustrated ;
 And to his lofty seat Sir Foster moved,
 And saw the ladies round him gaily dight,
 And thousands in the colours of the Queen.

A costermonger's donkey from the midst
 Brayed prelude, and all voices assinine
 Re-echoed, with a roar from mouth to mouth ;
 And in a sullen growl the row began,
 And one by one the arméd duffers dropt.
 Sir Foster gazed with a sad-omen'd eye
 And saw the laws of joust and tournament
 All broken, heard the oaths and shallow lies,
 The blasphemy of cowards in disguise
 Against the fair fame of the stainless Queen ;
 And more than once a stricken warrior shrieked
 Cursing the people's William's gentle eyes ;
 And once a teapot helm was cloven and showed
 Fawcep—a narrow face ; and all at once
 He heard the donkey bray most hideously,
 And saw the ass's ears prick up like reeds,
 And lo ! there entered, in a court-suit worn
 Of late in humble motion to the Queen,
 With gems and baubles all emblazoned,
 (Given to his sire for services received
 By liberal hands of perished Royalty,)
 Starr'd with the badge of Royal Commissioner
 Liege to the glittering grounds of Kensington,
 With one word "Baronet" written on his breast
 Proudly paraded in the garish light—
 A pigmy shape—Sir Tyke—just come post-haste
 From preaching in the shambles and the slums
 To ignorant heads, blind eyes, and famish'd mouths,
 Sedition, treason, crown'd with one blind thrust