

**SLOP'S SHAVE AT
A BROKEN HONE**

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Slop's Shave at a Broken Hone by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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259
SLOP'S SHAVE

AT A

BROKEN HONE.

Samuel

LONDON:

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1820.

[*Price One Shilling.*]

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May 11, 1927

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

By Sir John Stoddart

" AT LEISURE,
" A SLAP AT SLOP. (B. J. Dart)

" Some time ago, Slop, like a silly bird, flew into my hand, and I might have put an end to him; however I merely cut his comb and clipped his wings, and let him go. But his feathers having grown again, the ungrateful creature has not only been picking up at my expense, but has gone quite wild, and two or three times mischievously flown full in my face. This has compelled me to put him under a coop till I have time to dispatch him. Unless he beats himself to pieces, I shall put him out of his misery about Christmas perhaps. He shall be well devilled, and in short be done always with plenty of spice, and served up with snapdragons, for the entertainment of my friends in a long winter's evening.

THE AUTHOR

of The Political House that Jack Built.

45, Ludgate Hill,

Oct. 1, 1920.

" N. B. Whoever knocks him off his perch, or does him an injury, shall be proceeded against, he being my sole property."—*Vide the Morning Herald.*

SHAVE

AT A

BROKEN HONE.

Most Christian Sir, I've waited long your
"leisure,"

To be snap-dragon'd, and spiced up in crust ;
And since apparently 'tis not *your* pleasure
To be first spokesman, I suppose *I* must,*

* At the moment I write, I have no notion of the progress in which the "Slap" may be. It will be desirable, however, that it should appear before this my answer, to avoid the awkwardness of placing the cart before the horse : a fault to which, having now waited a reasonable length of time, I cannot be considered as accessory.—SLOP.

Because it would be thought a scurvy joke,
Should your much threaten'd contest end in
smoke.

You'll kill and eat me, will you, modest Sir?
In words, at least, you cut a valiant figure;
No cat o'er captive mouse doth growl and pur
With happier, more complacent shew of
vigour;
Poor Slop appears to stand but little chance,
Sir,
Pitted with such a terrible Drawcansir.

But fair and softly; stick, Sir, if you please,
To manufacturing slang for rogues and
rioters;
Know that,* when badly handled, jests like
these
Oft cut the fingers of their first proprietors;
Methinks that you yourself resemble most
This new hatched simile, your pride and boast.

* Like what is called the time-thrust in fencing, by which a moderate degree of skill on the part of the assailed, may make an angry booby his own executioner.—SLOP.

Zoologists aver, that, save the duck,
 The dunghill-cock's the nastiest foul we
 breed,
 Grubbing his nauseous meals from mire and
 muck,
 Where gentlemanly birds disdain to feed,
 Who, (says old Æsop's tale,) the jewel scorns
 And goodly pearls to rake for barley-corns.

Each smoking heap exploreth he with patience,
 To find of half-digested oats the germs,
 Nay,* (which I vouch from frequent observa-
 tions,)
 Ev'n way-lays physick'd cart-horses for
 worms.

In short, what'er the filthy source of profit,
 Like you he has the wisdom ne'er to scoff it.

* I beg the reader's pardon for the allusion to this true, but unsavoury fact: but it is necessary to shew the world that two can play at the same game; and that my eloquent assailant has not monopolized all facts relative to the natural history of fowls.—SLOP.

Well pamper'd thus, upon his heap of dung
 He mounts triumphantly with clapping
 wings;
 And pest'ring neighbours till his neck is wrung,
 His cock-a-doodle-doo Te Deum sings,
 Like the conceited stuff in your advertisement,
 Amusing most the person whom to hurt 'tis
 meant.

Despising too the jewel Reputation,
 Like dung-hill-bird that seeks but to be fed,
 You rake the jakes of every filthy passion
 That can repay your filthier quill with bread;
 Pimp general to this boasted age of reason,
 Huckster of *lechery, blasphemy, and treason.

What, *you* magnanimous at Slop's expence, Sir,
 You coop me up to give the town a treat?
 Haa Mister Billy Soames turned Roman censor,
 Or Juvenal set up in Dyot-street?

* I allude to the "Mentor of the Palais Royal,"
 published at our patriot's mart; a book with the par-
 ticulars of which I shall not dirty my pen.—SLOP.