

**SOLOMON  
LOGWOOD: A  
RADICAL TALE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649251179

Solomon Logwood: A Radical Tale by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ANONYMOUS**

**SOLOMON  
LOGWOOD: A  
RADICAL TALE**



W. 18/2



**SOLOMON LOGWOOD.**

**A RADICAL TALE.**

*4c. 4c.*

# SOLOMON LOGWOOD.

A Radical Tale.

BY OLD TOM OF OXFORD.



Oh, TRAITORS and SAWS, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Pick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at a brothel-house door for the sign of BLIND CUPID.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR W. WRIGHT, 46, FLEET STREET  
1820.

[Price One Shilling.]

280. e . 1208.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY W. SHACKELL, JOHNSON'S-COURT

# SOLOMON LOGWOOD.

---

---

## PART I.

---

GIVE ear, good folk, of every sort ;  
I sing in doleful strains,  
How Satan addleth oft in sport  
The very wisest brains.

Our Logwood was a citizen  
Much coveting renown,  
And twice Lord Mayor had chosen been  
For famous London town.

He then possess'd good store of gold :  
And, with a conscience clear,  
Good store of drugs he also sold  
To purify our beer.



And when men prais'd his skill in trade,  
 And profits waxed great,  
 He thought the self-same skill might aim  
 To purify the State.

And when he was proclaim'd Lord Mayor  
 With boasts he did aver  
 That no man in the civic chair  
 Should make so great a stir.

So up and down through London town,  
 With rod and power went he,  
 And lo! whatever there was done,  
 The doer he would be.

Yea, damsels all of wanton lives  
 He chased from the street,  
 And gain'd the praise of London's wives,  
 As was but fit and meet.

Well watch'd he noisy Billingsgate,  
 Where fish-wives curse and swear,  
 And oft in ambush did await  
 To catch them napping there.

Stale mackarel, and stinking soals,  
 And herrings with red eye,  
 Quak'd at his coming, and in shoals  
 Back to the Thames did fly.

Next bought he game and venison,  
 With store of costly wine,  
 And Lords and Princes many a one  
 Must needs invite to dine.

"Come see," said he, "the zeal I boast  
 "For Justice and the King ;  
 "Come eat and revel at my cost,  
 "And friends and kinsmen bring."

"Yea, let us go," said they ; "this man,  
 "Who loveth high-born folk,  
 "And courteth them in all he can,  
 "Deserveth not our joke."

They ate, and pledg'd him cheerily,  
 And prais'd his wine and meat,  
 Whereat, good man ! for very glee  
 He scarce could keep his seat.

And in his pride of heart he sware  
 To Prince and noble guest,  
 That brother Fishmongers they were,  
 And welcome to his best.

The Devil passing, shook his head  
 To see this merry cheer,  
 And to that feasting Mayor he said  
 With envious grin and sneer :

“ Now sit'st thou in thy proper place,  
 “ Where I've no power on thee,  
 “ But cross thy bounds, and quit thy mace,  
 “ And I'll revenged be.

“ Nor doubt I soon of cause enow  
 “ To wreak on thee my spite,  
 “ For, save in city chair, I trow  
 “ Thou art a shallow wight.”

So ponder now, my masters dear,  
 Who love vain-glory well,  
 And Satan's baleful snares you'll hear,  
 By which this wise man fell.