

**ST. JAMES'S: A
SATIRICAL POEM
IN SIX EPISTLES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649712342

St. James's: A Satirical Poem in Six Epistles by William Crockford

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WILLIAM CROCKFORD

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v. St. 117.

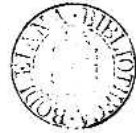
ST. JAMES'S:

A SATIRICAL POEM,

IN SIX EPISTLES

TO

MR. CROCKFORD.



"Summā sibi exactā licentiā jocandi."

SUETONIUS.

LONDON:

MDCCCXXVII.

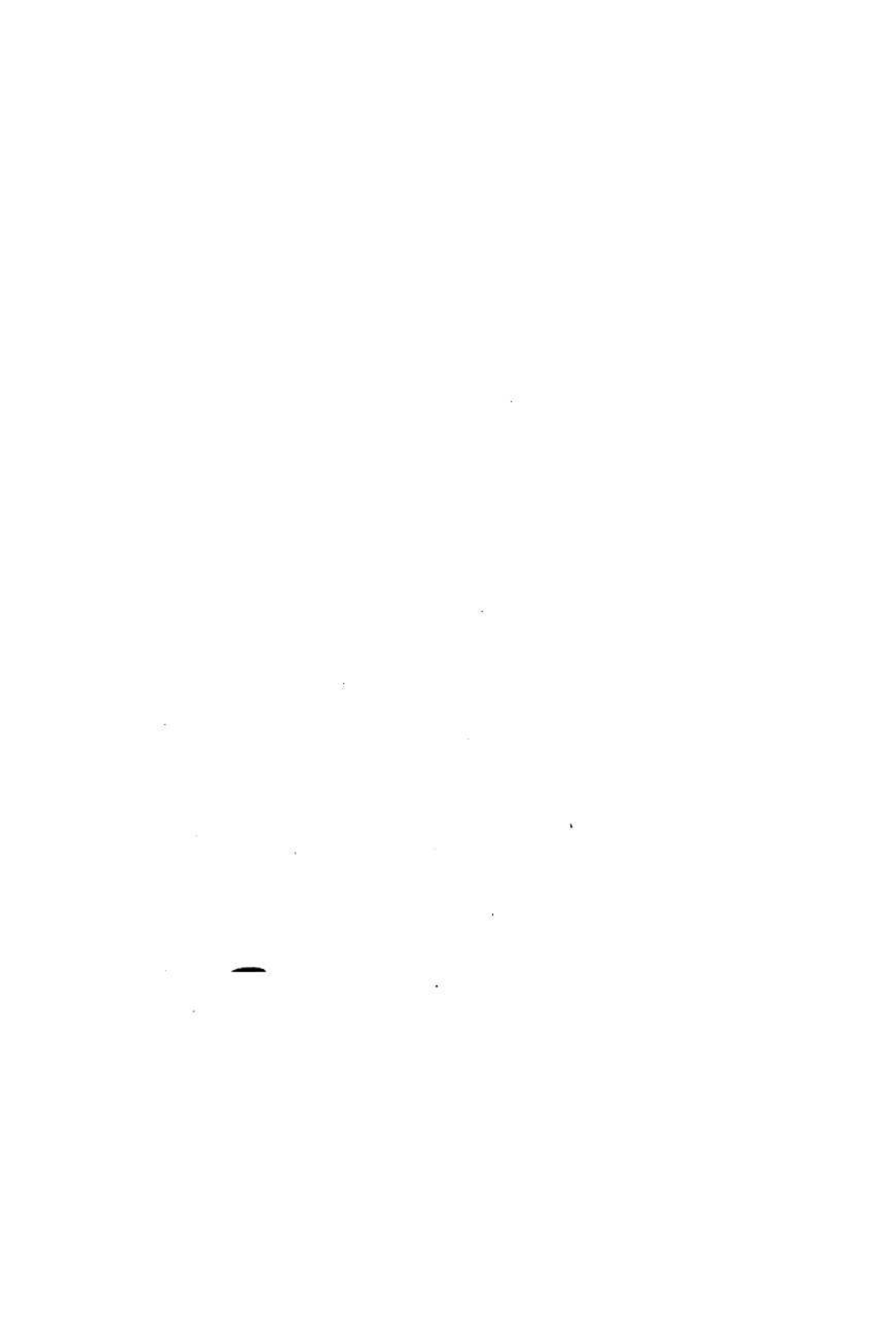
654.

TO

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

IF Mr. MOORE will accept the Dedication of the accompanying Trifle, he will afford its writer an opportunity of offering a very humble tribute, at the shrine of one of the most illustrious poets of this or any other age.

London, July 4, 1837.



PREFACE.

THERE will probably be some diversity of opinion, in the minds of those readers under whose observation the following pages may happen to fall—not upon the demerits (or merits, if there are any) of the writer; but upon the purport of the writing.

The pursuits of one half of the world invariably afford plenty of opportunity for

animadversion, in the opinion of the other ; and the more peculiar such pursuits are, the wider is the scope they give, and the temptation they hold out. If this work deserves the name of a satire, its object differs, in one point of view, from all its predecessors; inasmuch as its sole aim is levelled at one class of society, and that, of the highest character in the country ; while the direction of similar compositions, which have gone before it, has been extended " to various manners, and to various men." The *Dunciad*, the *Rosciad*, the *Baviad* and the *Mazziad*, together with the *Bath Guide*, *English Bards*, *Two-penny Post Bag*, and *Fudge Family*, (to say nothing of sundry

minor productions,) have been devoted to many ends—*St. James's* is devoted but to one. It will be immediately perceived, that, in selecting such names as POPE, CHURCHILL, GIFFORD, ANSTEV, BYRON, and MOORE, I have had the presumption to place myself in pretty good company: but if this impression should be created, I can conscientiously assure any one, at all interested upon the point, that no such absurd idea as that of comparison, ever entered my imagination. I have only alluded to these popular authors, for the sake of shewing, that I do not come under the class of "imitatores, servum pecus."

The principal personage, who appears in this exhibition, is my particular friend MR. CROCKFORD—the pivot on which all the “Honourable” and “Right Honourable” gentlemen turn, who herein keep him company. But a few years have passed, since society was without that extraordinary charm, which, at the present moment, constitutes its very existence; when the noble sports, to which MR. CROCKFORD has given “a local habitation and a name,” were, if not unknown, at least unpractised. To speak in more intelligible terms, there was no Club, until the institution of one by this distinguished gentleman, where the *élite* could meet, for the purpose of “play;”